

STANTOONS 29

HIT LADY

DAMIA'S ARENA





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HIT LADY
by Stanton

text by Throne

Jill might have been mistaken for a high-paid interior decorator or a model, but no one ever suspected that she was actually a hit lady. Often her misleading appearance had proved to be her greatest asset, as she expected it to be again today. Her target was Tony Deniro, who was trying to move in on the local mob's action. Jill would see to it that he didn't move in on anything, and she'd have fun doing it. She always made sure she had fun on a job.

Her cab pulled up in front of the building where Tony had his penthouse and she tipped the driver generously, though not so much that she would stand out in his memory. She had been covertly observing her target for a week and she knew he would be out at this time of day. Only his girlfriend Lynn would be there. That was perfect for Jill's purposes.



When Lynn opened the penthouse door and saw such a magnificent beauty standing there she was automatically on her guard. Tony had a wandering eye. Jill introduced herself as a representative of an exclusive jeweler and flashed a business card she'd had printed. Lynn remained cool. She told Jill they weren't interested.

"Actually," Jill said, matching Lynn's indifference, "Mr. Deniro has already picked the piece. I had hoped he would be in so he could examine the new setting we gave it."

"Oh, was that the ring he was having made?" Lynn was lying to shake loose some clues.

"No, it's a lady's pendant. For someone named Lynn, I believe. If you'd rather not be bothered with it right now..."

"It's all right. Come in. Please."



"Here we are," said Jill, opening the jewelry box to lift out a set stone that glowed with green fire. "Are you Lynn?"

The blonde replied without taking her eyes off the faceted wonder. "I'm Lynn."

"Well, this would certainly complement your complexion. Notice how it catches the light and seems to hold it. It seems to have greater depths than it's size would allow. Look deep into it. It captures your gaze. You don't want to turn your eyes away from it. You can't turn your eyes away from it. The stone is the only thing you see and it makes you feel totally relaxed. My voice is the only thing you hear. You will do whatever my voice tells you to do. Lynn, do you understand?"

"I understand."

"It's warm in here. Let's slip out of our clothes."



With only traces of reluctance, the hypnotized blond started to disrobe. Jill admired her as she followed Lynn's lead. She asked Lynn how Tony treated her.

"He's nice. It's just that sometimes he loses his temper. Sometimes he hits me."

"You deserve better. You're a beautiful woman. You need someone who understands how a woman feels. Only another woman can understand that."

Lynn thought about that. "A woman."

"Like me. I'd never hit you. I could make you feel very good. You deserve that."

"Tony can't help himself."

"But you don't have to suffer because of it. Forget about Tony for a while. Think about me. Me and you. About how good it would feel to have our soft bodies close to each other. Forget everything else. Come here to me, Lynn."



That was all the coaxing Lynn needed. Any residual hesitation she felt was melted by rising lust. She embraced Jill and kissed her passionately. The hit lady ran her hand down Lynn's back and dipped her fingers under the elastic of Lynn's panties.

Jill said, "Let's go over there where we can relax."

Once Jill stretched out Lynn was all over her, hands and mouth working to bring Jill pleasure. Occasionally the darker girl would make some small suggestion, but for the most part Lynn was on her own. She didn't need much direction and soon her questing mouth found the softness between Jill's legs. Lynn did for Jill what Tony never did for Lynn. Jill purred her approval and ran a lazy hand through Lynn's golden hair.



"That's it, babe," cooed Jill. "Harder. You won't hurt me. Ohhhh, that's sooooo good. Just a little more. Don't stop. Don't... yesssssss. Oh! Oh! OH!!!"

"Was I okay?" Lynn wanted to know when it was over.

"The best, babe. Now why don't we trade places so I can return the favor."

When Tony arrived a half hour later he was in a foul mood. He had promised the mob overlord, Don Genovese, a demonstration of why he, Tony, should be allowed to move into this area. If Don G. said yes, Tony's rivals could do little to stop him. Oh well, he could always take out his anger on Lynn.

Letting himself in, he heard voices out on the patio. It was Lynn and a stranger who Lynn was sensually rubbing with tanning butter. The stranger was a knockout!

"Hi, Tony," said Lynn. "This is Jill and she's very anxious to meet you."



"Anxious to meet me?" said Tony. "The lady has fine taste. Why don't we go inside?" As soon as they were off the patio the girls started to strip Tony. Jill had given Lynn instructions beforehand. While Lynn fawned over the mobster, Jill sank to her knees and told him breathily how she'd love to do wonderful things to him with her mouth. "That'd be okay," Tony told her. "Jill does that, but she's not too hot at it." "She can watch and I'll teach her. Then maybe both of us can do it at once to you." "Hear that?" Tony said to Lynn. "She knows how a guy likes to be treated." "Sure, Tony. And she's going to help me learn. Then I'll do everything you like whenever you want." She ran her tongue over his chest. "All right, lover?" "Yeah, sure. Just move your ass away and let Jill here get to work. You're old news, Lynn. Let me get it on with somebody fresh."



"Sure, lover," said Lynn as she moved around behind him. He grabbed Jill roughly and tugged her close to him. "Let's see some of this fancy crap you've been talking about. Then I'll put it to you."
"You sure know how to charm a girl," Jill said sarcastically, confident that Tony would miss her meaning.
As he groped crudely at her, Jill made a fist out of his line of vision. As she had been instructed to, Lynn did plenty to keep him distracted. Tony became more and more aroused, less and less cautious. He was like an unsuspecting steer being led into the slaughterhouse.



"One thing I guess I should tell you," Jill whispered in his ear.
"What? You got a disease?" He laughed at his callous joke. What a classy guy.
"No, it's just that Lynn and I made love before you got here. You know, girl love."
"What the crap are you telling me? No girl of mine does that!"
"But she's not yours anymore. I took her away from you. You'll never get it on with Lynn again. Ever. Or hit her."
Jill's fist slammed into Tony's groin. Incapacitating pain blasted through his body. As he folded forward Jill's knee caught him hard in the center of the chest, leaving him gasping for breath. Her other knee cracked him on the side of the head and he went down in a daze.



Tony tried to fight back but he was utterly outclassed. Jill hadn't gotten as far as she had in her line of work without knowing how to handle a target. The hit lady bound his arms painfully behind him. When he struggled she stamped on the back of his ankle, on his unprotected Achilles tendon. Tony howled and Lynn said she'd never heard that from him before.

"You'll hear plenty more before I'm done with him," Jill told her. "Jerks like this only seem tough until somebody sees through all their crap and brings them down to their true level. I've had his type crying and begging before."

"You bitch!" Tony swore. "You can't do this to me. Don't you know who I am?"

"I know that if you don't shut your mouth you're a dead man."

"You... you..." He shut his mouth.



With his arms pinioned agonizingly behind him, Tony was impotent before Jill's mocking gaze. As the hit lady stepped back to admire her handiwork, Lynn moved alongside her affectionately. That burned Tony as much as it did to be overcome by a mere female. He couldn't believe his lover had been stolen from him... by another woman. But he wasn't finished yet. Far from it.

"I don't know what your game is, lady, but you'd better untie me and I mean right now. If you kill me, I have a standing contract out. Whoever does me in gets hit."

"Really? I'm glad you told me. Now I'll have to be more creative about how I handle you. Yes, I'm going to have to find another way to make sure Tony Deniro doesn't get his piece of the pie."



When Tony starting swearing at her in two languages, Jill grabbed him and smacked him hard. Lynn didn't need much encouragement to join in the fun. She owed him quite a lot. In his humiliating situation, and with the two of them working him over, Tony found himself having trouble staying tough. His threats meant nothing to Jill.

"What's the matter, Tony?" Jill said tauntingly. "Having a bad day? You can't hold onto your girlfriend. You let a lady beat the stuffings out of you. I guess you weren't much of a man to start with. In fact, you didn't get as far as you did in the mob without being pretty much of a weasel. A vicious little weasel who gets what he wants by terrorizing everybody, smaller than him. Well, big man, once the word gets out how weak you really are, you won't be worth dirt in this town, or anywhere else."



There was only one way for Jill to go. She couldn't risk killing Tony, not with the reciprocal contract he had. He would have to be thoroughly broken, and in some way that assured he couldn't try to avenge himself later. She smacked him around until his cheeks were blazing red while she thought about it, and then inspiration hit her.

"Lover," she said to Lynn, "go out to the bar and get me a few bottles. Strong stuff. And not the expensive. We'll save that for us. Tony's going to have a few drinks."

Lynn fetched the booze and then, with both of them holding him, Tony was force fed a couple quarts. He gagged and babbled, but they got it all down him. In the end he was woozily aware of them looming over him.

"Now, Tony," Jill told him, "you're going to tell us what you've been doing behind Don G's back that he's not too happy about."



Jill didn't know of anything Tony was doing that would anger Don G., but considering what a slime Tony was he probably was up to something that would displease the Big Man. The expression Tony made when she demanded to know what he'd been up to confirmed her hope. He had indeed been breaking the rules. If she could get details, that would give her all the leverage she needed. The trick would be squeezing it from him.

He refused to talk. While Lynn gagged him Jill applied a unique form of bondage that would not only add to helplessness, but keep him very aware of how vulnerable he was. When she asked him if it was tight enough, all he could do was to moan.

"You'd better wise up, Tony," she snarled at him. "Don G's plenty mad at you as it is. All you're going to do by giving me a hard time is make it worse. He already knows most of what you're pulling on him. I'm just here to get details. Let's have it, loser." She cracked him soundly across the face. "Just nod when you're ready to talk."



Dazed by the alcohol, Tony didn't recognize the old interrogator's trick Jill was using. If he thought Don G. already knew what the deal was, why should he suffer to conceal it? How much was it worth to hold out? Was it worth his life?

That was what Jill asked him as she roughly dragged him out onto the patio. "You know, Tony, we could always fake an accident. Then your contract on whoever nails you wouldn't mean anything. How about if we untie you and do that? Wouldn't you rather talk?"

He shook his head. That was fine with Jill. She was in no hurry to get this over with. It was too much fun. Besides, he deserved it. She banged him around some more and then hauled him to the parapet at the balcony's edge.

"What do you say?" she asked Lynn. "Shall we toss him over?"

"All right!" Lynn said enthusiastically. "Let him fly."



Jill draped him over the parapet. The view was dizzying. His alcohol-addled mind couldn't decide whether or not this was a bluff. All it could tell him was that if he didn't do something to placate them he might soon be a messy sight on the sidewalk.

"Hey, Lynn," Jill said. "I'll bet you five bucks he lands on his soft ass." She swatted his rump for emphasis.

"No," said Tony's former girlfriend. "I say it's his hard head that meets the sidewalk first. Let him drop!"

Tony shook his head violently. His pleas were muffled by the gag.

"Don't tell me no!" Lynn snapped at him. "Never again, you bastard." She got behind him and punched him as hard as she could in the kidneys. "Do you hear me?"

Jill allowed her to vent her rage until Tony almost went over the side, then stepped in and grabbed him ungently between the legs. When she asked him if he'd talk he nodded yes.



"You're sure?" Jill said. "I'm going to be righteously pissed if you change your tiny mind after I take off that gag." She got his belt and doubled it over. "I'll be mad enough to do THIS!" She cracked the heavy leather across his buns. Tony jerked wildly and hollered into his gag. "And THIS!" She whacked him again. Already his butt was reddening. Jill towed him back over the wall so she wouldn't have to hold herself back for fear of making him fall. Then she let him have it with all her might.

The thrashing went on until her rage had been translated to a brutally welted butt. Lynn got in on the action as well and gave Tony paybacks for the many times he'd beaten her. She even managed to land a few underhanded swings between his thighs, directly on his tender nuggets. Jill had to tell her to space those shots or else the pain would leave him unconscious 'and he wouldn't be able to feel what we're doing to him.'



The gag came off and Tony confessed. But when he asked to have his bonds undone he received a terrible shock. Jill told him they had an appointment downtown.

"D... downtown? You don't mean...?"

"That's right, stud. You're going to see Don G. He'll be mighty interested in what we have to tell him. Then we'll see how anxious you are to get back at me. Or rather, how able you are." To Lynn she said, "Honey, get me some shorts for bozo here. Something colorful." She put Tony's shirt on him and buttoned it, leaving his hands where they were.

"How are these?" Lynn wanted to know, holding up a pair of boxer shorts with large polka dots on them. "I bought them for him but he would never wear them."

"Perfect," said Jill as she knotted his tie tightly. "Put them on him, would you?"

"My pleasure," she said. When he fidgeted she ground her high heel into his foot.



After the humiliation of being dressed by them and being taken to the underground garage and loaded into his own car, Tony endured the ride to the restaurant where Don G. always ate lunch. He protested that he couldn't get out of the car the way he was but Lynn opened the door and Jill shoved him onto the sidewalk. A few prods from Jill's umbrella kept him moving.

Don G. was in a private dining room with his chief of prostitution, Maria Dulce. Jill presented Tony to him and made him confess everything.

"I ought to take this steak knife right now and make you half a man," Don G. growled.

"Hold on a second," said Maria. "I can earn you back some of what he cost you. We could use a towel boy in our main house. And he's got a good ass. The girls could use him for kinky threesomes. Our customers ask for all sorts of strange things, but we never have a guy around when we need one. Give him to me for six months to see if he works out."

"You got it. And if he doesn't behave, I'll cut him then. Understand, Tony?"

Jill's victim could only nod. For him the suffering was just beginning.



DAMIA'S ARENA
by Stanton

text by Throne

After all he'd heard about Damia's gym, Andy considered it a challenge to gain membership. The facilities were excellent and the place was very exclusive. Best of all, its predominantly female patrons worked out topless. When he finally got an appointment it was to see Damia herself. She was stunning, with smoky eyes and dusky skin. She led him straight to the mens' locker room and told him to get into his trunks. They would go a few rounds in the ring, she said, to see if he was fit.

Andy had done some college boxing. He was confident he would pass the test easily. There was only one other guy in the locker room. He was bruised and hugged his ribs as he headed for the showers. Andy started to ask him something but cut it short.

In the ring Damia was indeed topless. She insisted on having Andy feel her impressive bicep. He tried to mentally shrug off her athletic physique, but it wasn't possible.



As Damia tied up her long hair several other girls cheered her on. Andy told himself it was simply because they were her friends. She couldn't be THAT good.

He had to revise his thinking when the bell rang and she came out of her corner. Damia threw a solid punch that connected with his jaw. Andy fell back and concentrated on his guard. That wasn't so easy with her firm breasts right in front of him. He had never seen a set of dark thick nipples to match hers.

Damia feinted, then slammed him on the chin. Andy staggered back. A few more of those and he would be in deep trouble. Just concentrate, he told himself. Remember your training. He jabbed, but she wasn't there when his fist arrived. He swung hard but only met air.



Damia danced in and out at will. She clipped him on the side of the head and, when his guard came up in response, walloped him in the side. At the same time her foot stamped hard on his, something he vaguely recognized as a martial arts move. She was punishing him but he couldn't back out now. The members gathered around the ring cheered lustily. To have them see him surrender would be disgraceful. Besides, he'd lose his chance at membership. He had to go the distance against her.

Perhaps she sensed his determination. She backed off slightly and for a while was content to pepper him with midsection blows and an occasional head shot. She was softening him up for bigger things to come.

And come they did. Damia slugged him in the stomach so hard that Andy was lifted off his feet. He stumbled back against the ropes and rebounded straight into an untrained headknocker.



It got worse. With a carnivorous smile she came at him and went after his face. She worked close now that he was too groggy to maintain his guard. Like a human speed bag his head was batted this way and that by her flying fists. Damia left herself wide open, defying him to take a swing. The few times he tried he was answered with sudden sharp punches, always a bit lower than the rules allowed. Quickly he learned not to swing at her.

"Defend yourself," she ordered. "I haven't even worked up a good sweat yet. Let's go, you pitiful weakling."

He was aware that the onlookers were laughing at him and commenting on his failed performance. He blinked and tried to focus on Damia's assault. She hammered away at his feeble guard and finally just knocked it aside to deliver a smashing right to his head. Andy collapsed to his knees and clung to her for support. She thumped his head.



"Get up, you poor excuse for a man. This is an insult to my club, to have such a shabby ~~one-sided~~ match take place here. Get up on your feet!"

Andy forced himself to stand. He stood there swaying during the brief reprieve she granted him. That lasted only until he could focus his eyes and raise his guard. Damia toyed with him briefly while he tried to recover further. He was ready to give up and admit defeat when her attack began. She backed him into a corner and pummeled him without mercy. It was impossible for him even to form the words of surrender.

His arms hung limp at his sides as she smashed her forearm against his windpipe and held it there, pinning him to the cornerpost. Her free arm went into high-speed motion, raining painful blows into his midsection. He wanted to fall to escape her but she wouldn't allow it. Finally her knee shot up and thudded into his groin. Fresh pain jolted him. When he hit the canvas Damia stripped off her jeans and planted a foot victoriously on his neck.



Andy felt her foot settle heavily on his chest. The other girls urged her not to stop yet. He saw one pointing out his dilemma to the frightened young man accompanying her. What was going on in this place?

Before he could wonder further about that he saw Damia slip out of her panties. Her foot came down again on his chest. He tried to push her away but couldn't.

"Please," he groaned. "Let me up. I want to go home."

"Just when you're doing so well with your membership application?"

"Well? You beat me."

"A bit louder, please. I want to make sure everybody hears."

"You beat me. There's no question. I couldn't stand up to you for another second."



"Good. Now let's see how you do with the second part." She came down with her legs over his arms, neatly pinning him. Andy found himself staring up at her naked crotch.

"Hey, wait a minute. You can't... I mean, there are people here."

"So? I beat you and now I get to collect my reward. Isn't that the way it's done?"

"I didn't agree to anything like that."

"I didn't say you did. I said I beat you. That's all that matters. Unless, of course, you'd rather go back to fighting. I have a few more tricks I'd like to try."

"No. Nonono! What... whatever you say."

"That's better. And don't look so appalled. Haven't you ever seen a girl before? Close up?"



"Yeah," Andy mumbled. "I mean, sure I have."
"And don't you know how to do nice things for a girl?"
"You mean with... with my...?"
"Your mouth. Yes, that's what I mean. Unless you can get out from under me, that's exactly what you'll be doing in a few minutes."
"But I never... You can't..."
"Don't tell me what I can't do," she said and lowered her hips fractionally. Andy turned his head to the side so she brought her legs closer together, forcing his face straight up once more. "It's almost time. Going to try to get free?"
He tried, finding reserves of strength he didn't know he possessed, but couldn't budge. Damia could do whatever she wished with him.



The hairy patch between her legs settled firmly and wetly over his lower face. His nose vanished into her. Damia sighed with pleasure and worked her hips down more firmly. She did a brief dance on his trapped face, her juices anointing his lips and nose and cheeks. Her hands moved with slow sensuality to her breasts and she rubbed herself shamelessly. A slow rhythm entered her pelvic movements and soon she was happily rubbing herself off on Andy's face.

"You see," she told him. "This is nothing to be afraid of. Why, I'll bet you could stay right where you are all afternoon and it wouldn't hurt you a bit, except maybe to leave your face a little bit sore. But don't worry, I'm too hot to last all afternoon. We can think about longer sessions later."



True to her word, the dusky girl didn't last much longer. She came copiously on her unwilling stimulator. He couldn't keep her taste out of his mouth. It would be a long time, he knew, before he would be able to stop tasting her, thinking about her. Damia raised her arms in triumph and flexed her imposing muscles. The females who watched applauded her. The few males among them appeared distressed.

"Way to go!" called a big blond.

"You let him off easy," complained a broad-shouldered redhead, though from her tone it was plain she wasn't entirely serious.

"Give him to me," suggested another, a burly brunette with leather straps on her wrists. "My old punching bag fell apart from being hit too much. I'll hang him in its place." That got a hearty laugh from the females.

"No," said Damia. "He's coming to the showers... with me."



Sore all over but clearheaded, Andy followed her meekly. He couldn't stop staring at her round bottom or the hair that spilled down her back. In the showers she told him to get out of his trunks. When he tried to turn away she threatened him with a raised fist. He sheepishly stripped in front of her. Despite all that he'd just been through, he couldn't control his body's reaction to her sexy presence. Damia liked that.

She handed him soap and a washrag and told him, "Scrub me."

Andy went to work at once. He lovingly lathered her up and down. Though the rag was in his left hand, he applied soap directly with his right. Damia made sure to press herself against him at every opportunity, of which there were plenty.

Wordlessly she pushed him down to his knees and drew his mouth to her soapy nest. Andy understood and put his tongue to work posthaste.

"Mmmmmmm," she whispered. "A fast learner."



Not until she'd had a good long lapping did Damia pull him to his feet. She forced their hips together so that her body swallowed his. Andy gasped and began moving forward and back cautiously, uncertain of what she wanted from him. Damia moved his lips to her breasts, over those fingertip nipples, between her breasts and even to her underarms. She was insatiable. Her hands found his buttocks and squeezed, setting the pace she preferred. She was raping him, Andy realized. He attempted to speak but her mouth covered his and her tongue snaked between his lips. Her powerful arms picked him up off the floor.

"Slower," she told him. "Make it last. And don't you dare finish. If you do I'll make you regret it in ways that'll stay with you the rest of your life."

"I... please. I won't be able to hold back."



But hold back he did, with some help from her fingers tightening around his undefended testicles. She would not grant him the release for which he ached.

After he had towed her off she led him to a rubdown table. He had to mount it, so that their bodies were intimately close, and give her a prolonged massage. It was almost painful, having his hands all over her, his groin pressed against her high bottom, which seemed never to stop moving, and all the while to be denied relief from the growing discomfort between his legs. She directed him to pay special attention to her breasts and when he protested she glanced back over her shoulder, displeasure on her features.

"I'm ready to go back into the ring. Perhaps some wrestling this time. Are you?"

"No," he said weakly. "I'll do whatever you say."



At last she turned over. With Andy kneeling between her legs she took hold of his straining manhood. Her strong fingers closed like a vice. Andy's head went back and he made a strangled screaming sound. Damia smiled and told him to stroke her breasts. To reinforce her position of command, she grabbed his other wrist and twisted it with savage force.

"I've decided to admit you to the club," she said.

"But I failed every test."

"Not at all. You simply don't understand the nature of this gym. We're dedicated to female supremacy and only accept males who show themselves trainable. You qualify 100%. I need your decision now. You can say yes, or refuse and never be eligible to try again. Which will it be?" She gave him another squeeze where it counted most.

"I..." He hung his head and bit his lower lip. "I'll join, for as long as you'll have me." And that, he hoped, would be a very, very long time.



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